



# Run



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## Chapter 1 by Magdalene

We've been running. Ever since They told us to run. Across deserts, through mountains, over rivers, above caves. For maybe a week or two, I lost track after I fainted from exhaustion & everybody was too tired to speak to answer my questions. We've probably lost thirteen hundred since we've started, one forth of who we are. And we all run willingly. They told us that we wouldn't be asking why because if we ask questions we're doubting our superiors which is wrong. And humans never do wrong so we don't ask questions. But I don't think that's entirely true. Ever since we started I asked why to myself. Am I not flawless like They told me I was? Not only did I ask Why though, I asked where. Where is our destination? How long will it take? How many more people will we sacrifice? What are we running from? Who will tell us when to stop? When will I be told the truth?

I now know I'm not perfect. I'm asking questions & I'm tripping over rocks & stones, bruising & cutting my knees. But, underneath all this sweat & BO, are all my other fellow citizens having the same doubts & questions I do? Are none of us what we thought we were or is it just because we have fallen so much we don't want to get back up?

I fall abruptly & it jerks me out of my thoughts. Maybe. I look the people around me, panting & sweating, running without stopping. Blood cakes my hands and people barely glance at me

through their pain.

Maybe we aren't perfect after all.

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